

## RIVERS IN THE AIR

Curious Play of the Winds In the Yosemite Valley.

## EBB AND FLOW WITH THE SUN

These Air Currents or Air Falls Are So Regular That They May Almost Be Timed—Mirror Lake and the Spray Combs at Bridal Veil Falls.

Did you know there are air falls in the atmosphere just as real and as apparent as are the waterfalls you have so often viewed with admiration and delight because of their natural beauty? In the famed Yosemite valley the most interesting feature is, to the scientist perhaps, its winds.

The winds there are seldom more than light zephyrs, moody and capricious to the ordinary tourist, but when slightly understood one of the wonders of the valley. These interesting facts were told by Professor F. E. Matthews of the United States geological survey in the Sierra Club Bulletin.

In no other place in the entire world perhaps are the air currents more systematic and regular than in the Yosemite valley, he says. In the first place, the sun naturally heats the ground more rapidly than it does the air. Every hillside basking in the sun becomes a heat radiator and gradually warms the air above it, so that the air, becoming lighter, begins to rise.

But under these conditions the air does not rise vertically because the air directly over it is still cool and is pressing downward. Therefore up the sides of the warm slope the heated air makes its way. That is why the tourist making his way up the mountain slope with the sun on his back finds his own dust traveling upward with him in a choking cloud.

But on coming down the same trail, when the face of the slope is in the shadow, the dust ever descends with the traveler in the same irritating cloud. When the face of the mountain is in the shade the air is cooling from the face of the slope and is pressing its way down into the valley.

Just as soon as the sun leaves the slope of the mountain the earth begins to lose its heat by radiation and in a very short time is really cooler than the air. The layer of air next the face of the hillside chills by contact with the earth and, becoming heavier as it condenses, begins to press down along the slope. Thus there are normally the warm up draft on the sunny slope and the cold down draft on the side in the shadow. In a windless region like the Yosemite this rule may be depended upon at almost any time.

But in the Yosemite, with its bold and topography, these upward and downward air currents are somewhat interrupted. On every sunny slope bold cliffs create shadows, and consequently there are downward air currents or local breezes daily at regular hours as the shadows come and go.

Glacier Point is one place in particular in which Professor Matthews says this shadowy effect on the air currents may readily be tested by casting small bits of paper into the air. As the afternoon wears on and the shadows in the valley gather the cold draft in the hills pours downward, forming the valley like a great river and flowing on to the plains below. Every side canyon and valley sends its reinforcements, like the tributaries of a great river, to this general air current flowing onward to the plain.

With the return of the morning sun the earth at the tops of the hills is warmed and the downward current in the air is suspended. The up draft soon begins as the sun shines into the valleys. The air currents are so regular that they may almost be timed.

Few realize, says the author of the paper that it is these reversing air currents that one of the chief attractions of the Yosemite depends. Mirror lake, to be viewed at its best, must be seen in the early dawn, when the reflections are most perfect.

The lake is still and its surface most mirror-like when the cold night currents have ceased and the updraft day currents of air have not yet begun. Yet unless one is punctual he will miss the chief beauty of the place, for this perfect stillness is as brief as the turn of the tide.

In the evening and during the night, when the down draft of air from the mountain sides is strong, the stream of cool air pressing down the same plunges over cliffs, just as water is seen to fall from similar heights. On either the Yosemite falls or the Nevada falls trails this air fall curiosity is readily encountered in the evening.

During the daytime, on the other hand, the air rises vertically along the cliffs and up into the hanging valleys, taking part of the spray from the falls along with it. A pretty example of the air carrying the spray from the fall upward may be seen at Bridal Veil falls, where two little combs of spray, one on each side of the stream, steadily curve upward over the brink. As soon as the sun is off the cliff these spray combs cease to exist.

An Attraction.  
"I hear your new minister is very efficient."  
"Oh, yes."  
"How about his wife? Is she doing anything to bring people to church?"  
"Indeed she is! Wears a different gown every Sunday."—Washington Herald.

Gossip is a beast of prey that does not wait for the death of the creature it devours.—George Meredith.

Wanted—  
A Husband

A Buried Marriage That Was Not Repented

By F. A. MITCHEL  
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The landlord of the Antlers in the village of B., having finished his breakfast, sat him down before an open log fire to read the morning paper. His was a hotel for summer boarders, and since it was now the dead of winter his guests were few and far between. He read the little sheet before him, including the advertisements, then arose from his seat, went to the window, looked out on the dreary scene and longed for summer to come, when he would again be in the midst of the season's bustle.

He was on the eve of a bustle of another kind. Down the road came a sleigh, the driver thrashing the galloping horses that drew it. Instead of passing the Antlers, he reined in at the front door, and a lady stepped out and ran up the steps. The landlord went into the hall and admitted her.

"I want a husband," she said, "instantly."

The landlord gaped at her wonderingly.

"A husband, I say, immediately. I'll make it worth your while and the man who marries me."

At the words "I'll make it worth your while" a change came over the landlord.

"What kind of a husband?"

"Any one. Be quick about it or I am lost."

The landlord, being a married man, was not himself eligible, much to his regret, for the lady was young and pretty, so after a moment's thought he seized his hat and coat and hurried out.

There were summer cottages in B., one of which was owned by a widow named Thurber. Her son Harry, a man of twenty-five, had come from the city to prepare the place for the reception of a house party that was to follow him into the country. Harry

Everything went smoothly for the pair, who were to their associates simply drifting into a love affair, but were really man and wife. A week after the lady had come into the Thurber cottage Harry one morning informed her that his mother intended going back to the city the next day and the party must be broken up. He had been very happy there and had urged his mother to remain longer, but without success. "And now," he concluded, "you are free to go forth unincumbered by a husband except under the law. But if you will remain with me as my wife I shall consider myself the most fortunate of men."

This "proposal" of a man to his wife took under consideration, promising to give her husband an answer the same evening. But something occurred that afternoon to reveal the secret to the household. A man came to the cottage, forced his way into the house and, seeing Thurber and the supposed Miss Reeves in company with a number of guests, proceeded to read a legal paper addressed to Henry Townsend Thurber and his wife, Eleanor Bradford Thurber, enjoining them to appear before the court and show cause, etc.

The lady in the case received the exposure with her eyes bent upon the floor, while the man looked for a moment as if he had been caught stealing. But the first shock over he approached his wife, took her hand and said:

"My friends, I owe you an explanation for introducing a lady to you as a spinster, she being really my wife." He then told the story as it has been told up to this point, at the end of which every one pressed forward to congratulate the bride and groom. All agreed that, while the marriage by the justice was binding in law, it should be repeated under different surroundings.

These matters served to bring about a decision on the part of the bride to accept her legal husband as her real husband, and she blushing consented. A minister was telephoned for to come from the next station, and during the evening a second wedding took place among a gleeful circle.

The Bradford-Thurber case from the moment of Eleanor Bradford's marriage to Henry Thurber assumed a very different status. Since they lived together as man and wife all effort, on the part of the guardian to annul the marriage proved a failure. Harry Thurber, who had for several years been in charge of his mother's property, as well as educated to the law, proved an admirable manager of his wife's case. He fought any further efforts to prove his wife insane successfully and placed her guardian in a position where, if prosecuted, he would be liable to state prison. But here his wife relented and refused to prosecute the man who had been her mother's husband. There was more than enough of the estate left to enable her and her husband to live in style, and Thurber in time came into an estate of his own.

The sudden wedding, which turned out so fortunately, attracted a great deal of attention among the friends of both parties.

"I see," said Thurber to the girl, "that for some reason you find it essential to assume the legal position of wife. I will accommodate you with-

"I want a man."

"What for?" asked Thurber, looking up inquiringly.

"To marry a young woman who is in a big hurry."

"You don't mean it?"

"She says she'll make it worth any man's while to marry her."

"Is she a fright?"

"No; she has a lot of style about her and is pretty."

"By Jove, I have a mind to go and take a look at her."

There was more talk over the matter while the lady was impatiently stamping back and forth across the floor of the inn. The landlord was not unwilling that Thurber should help him out of the matter, so the two set off together to join her. The lady looked surprised at seeing a man of Thurber's station, but as there was evidently no sign to lose she said quickly:

"I expected some ordinary man to give me the legal status of a married woman for a consideration."

"I might fill the bill without the consideration."

"But you must sign a paper agreeing not to claim any matrimonial rights, to leave me as soon as married."

Thurber stood, looking at the girl for a few moments, during which a great deal was passing through his mind. Presently he said:

"I'm your man."

"Have you a clergyman handy?" asked the lady of the landlord.

"No, but we have a justice of the peace."

"Call him."

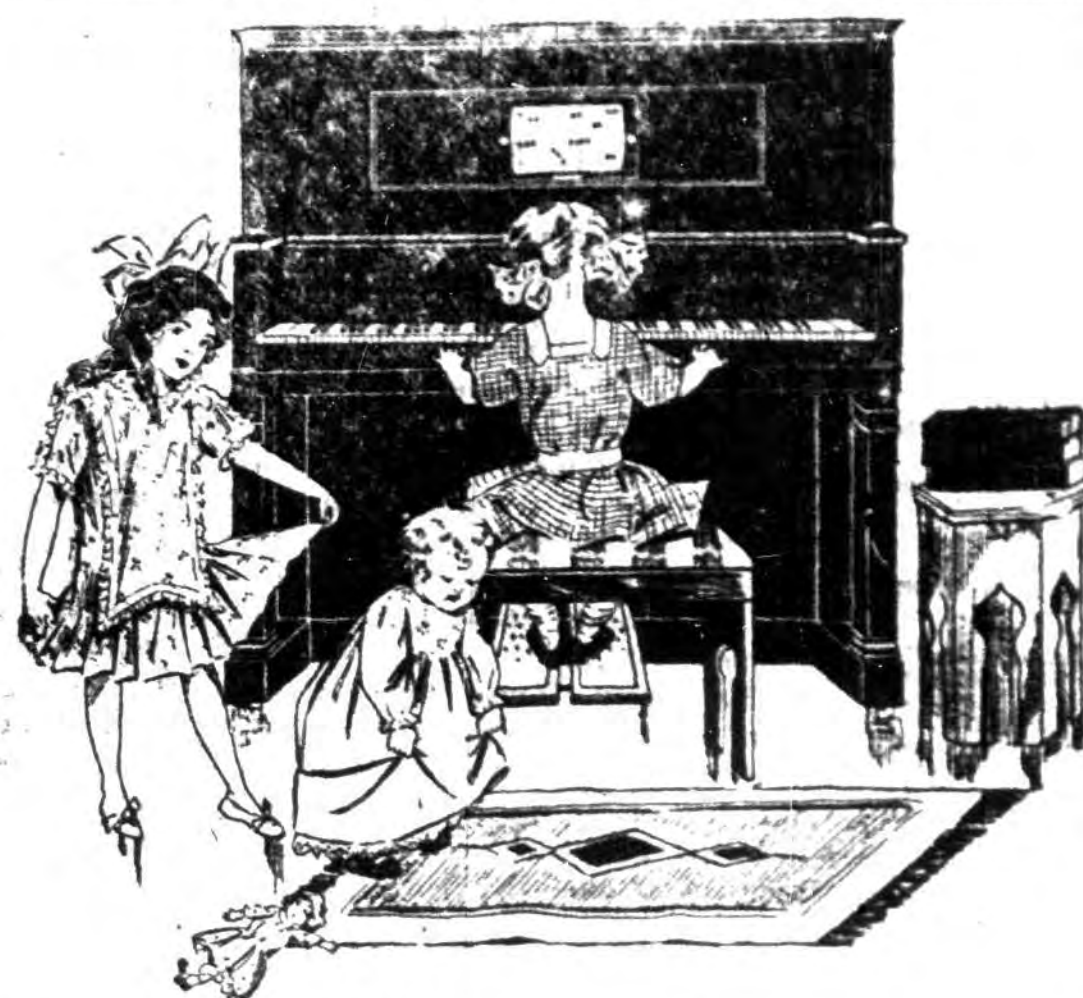
The landlord looked at Thurber, who gave his assent, and the justice was called.

"I see," said Thurber to the girl, "that for some reason you find it essential to assume the legal position of wife. I will accommodate you with-



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